



Zombie Apocalypse



zombie

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Chapter 1 by Aaron Hartmann

I can't tell you how it began, how the world went to hell. I can't tell you because I don't know how. All I know is that the world went to chaos and the dead are coming back and eating people.

Chapter 2 by Brock Thompson



It started on a Wednesday, of all days. I guess its fitting, though. Nothing ever happens on Wednesdays.

I was sitting in my room doing my homework. It had been a long day, with detention, football practice, and my parents' argument that i didn't even know the topic of.

I was desperate to finish my homework so that I could go and watch a movie at the theater in my suburban neighborhood. Little did I know how much I would begin to hate my home.

I was an my last math problem when I heard a scream.

Chapter 3 by Aaron Hartmann



That was the start of it. It is three years later and I am in a community that the army set up. They call it "Safe Haven". It is relatively safe, but it isn't on it lasting much longer. We are running low on food and we don't have any weapons so we don't want any of "their" weapons. We don't want to hurt ourselves but they don't agree with that.

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I was split up from my parents at the beginning of the crisis. We were leaving the city after the bombs went off and when we were driving away we ran into one of the dead. Our car swerved and smashed into a tree. We got out and we were being closed in by those things. They told me to run and so I ran into the woods. That was the last time I saw them. I don't know if they are dead or still alive.

My friend, Sam, calls the dead zombies because they are like the things they play in the video games. I disagree with him because the word zombie means raising the dead with magic or whatever. This is a pandemic that started in a lab not some African Voodoo. I have settled on calling them zombies after how many times Sam called them zombie. It sounds childish but that is the shortest thing I can think of.

This morning I heard an explosion and ran outside. All I saw was smoke, then I heard it, the groans. I saw dark figures emerging from the smoke. I ran inside and grabbed a kitchen knife and ran to help a soldier. The soldier got bitten. He told me to stick him so he didn't turn into a zombie. I stabbed him in the head so the virus can't take over his brain and transform him. I took his pistol and started aiming for head shots. Why couldn't I be a better shot, I missed twice but I made up for it by getting and killing three of them.

I turned around and ran.

Chapter 4 by Aaron Hartmann



My ears were ringing. I have never heard that many guns at one time. I tried to get out of the sound but it kept on coming. Maybe it was the guilt building up that I couldn't help that soldier I'm not sure but it is driving me crazy.

Finally the ringing stopped. I don't look back and run into a house on the other side of Safe Haven. I lock the door and move a small sofa in front of it. I start checking if anyone was here.

I here whimpering in a room. I try to open the door but it was locked. I yelled that I am not a zombie but nothing happened. I slam against the door and it budes open. It was a bathroom.

The whimpering came from behind the shower curtain. I move it and found a dog. I'm pretty sure it is a German Shepard.

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It stretches out it's head and I see a person. The owner locked him in here and left. I am not sure how long though. He still looks pretty healthy. I guess I should come up

with a name for it.

Chapter 5 by Phantim



"Hey buddy," I say to the dog holding out my hand, I begin to pet it. It doesn't move after a while so I reach into my pocket and pull out a little bit of chocolate. I know it isn't good for dogs. But I am pretty low on rations, and anything is better than starving. Plus most people rushed the grocery stores taking the food in a panic, but they ignored the candy sections. There was a few days that I was living off nothing but chocolate bars... at least the Paydays had some peanuts for protein.

The dog finally warms up to me and eats the bar I offered it. He looks up to me with sad brown eyes. He was alone, just like me. "Let's go buddy, you watch my back and I'll watch yours." I give the dog a final pat on the head and begin to check the rest of the house for any weak spots in the defenses, or any dormant deadies that might be lurking about.

I see a bag of dog food shoved in the corner of laundry room. Now I feel kinda bad about giving him that chocolate. Oh well, I whistle to the dog and dump the bag on the ground. Maybe I will check the kitchen and see if I will get so lucky on the meal front.

Chapter 6 by Sidney Otto



Suddenly, there was a cry. Not a dog cry either. Human cry. Like a little girl's.

My heart stopped in it's track. I slowly slid into the kitchen. There was a table island, and a lock was on one of the cabinets. I broke the rusty locks with ease. What I saw lost my appetite for maybe the next three years.

A little girl and baby were in a teen girl's hand, and the oldest was sobbing over them. The children looked sleeping...But they were dead. The teen muttered, "Cecile...Marthey.."

I slowly tapped her on the shoulder, and she didn't have any energy to jump. Her head turned slightly, and I saw a glimmer of hope in that girl's eyes.

Then that's when all hell broke loose.

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Chapter 7 by Caraborn



I was part of a sub-urban... state of emergency.
Stem movement, keep some form of sanity, make the job easier, they said, but not it's been a

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long three years.

The general order was to rally at Camp Lawlor, in the north, I never expected to be there for three years, let alone this whole situation to develop. The mountains had the perfect view.. South LA burnt down like tinder to a match, it didn't take long for the use of whatever we had left to be given.

Sure, chain of command still exists if you run in this brigade. A unification of what has survived of the Los Angeles contingent, surviving behind walls thinner than paper, not something to be proud of. It was my turn to lead a scavenger run, we would be gone for days and the and Haven would have to keep going. There would be no help if we don't return, we were meant to be the help.

"Adrian, you have look out, you see the south garage? Get to the roof, bring peters", as directed by Sgt. Jeffords, "Sir", I respond. You see Jeffords never liked me, so he always tried to keep me at a distance, which worked in two ways he knew I had my sights looking after him, and that if he dies, well I won't be far behind him. The town we were scouting wasn't big, and haven overlooked, I always told myself, if worse came to worse head north.

Jeffords lead the way with a boot to the door, and as it happened, like some sort of trigger, the hills were spitting fire.

Chapter 8 by Julian Gilchrist



Dear Journal,

Well- sadly, I think the world has come to an end.

There are dead everywhere. Innocent kids and adults. It's so sad. But I won't give up! I'm going to build weapons, and start out on an adventure to end this apocalypse. It's gonna be far from easy, oh yeah. In fact it will be pretty hard, but I won't give up.

I will recruit old allies, fight zombies alongside allies

And the dog I found in the house

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